

## The Boys In Blue by MB234

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**Summary:**

Police Chief Jim Hopper was not a man who believed in impossible things.

Or at least he hadn't been, not until last November when he'd cut into a body that bore the face of one previously missing Will Byers and had found only stuffing, packing foam where ribs should be. The muddy ragged corpse before him had puckered skin so real that before he'd used the knife perched in his shaking hand he'd sworn up and down that he'd go straight to hell for defiling the dead boy, this poor kid who had already been through enough. That was until his fingers had hit downy cotton instead of fallow sternum.

Or even after that, when he'd chased the threads of that same stuffing all the way to the imposing, ominous Hawkins Lab and had punched a guard or two to make his way through winding nefarious halls only to discover something that his stunned, overwhelmed, racing mind had refused to accept; a rift to another dimension hewn in gray, matted viscera and heaving, breathing *alien* life.

In the pale stark light of the horrifying, awe striking things he'd seen last year, truly the stuff of goddamned nightmares, was it really so impossible that a small, graceful, fucking gorgeous woman half his age could want him?

# 1. Chapter 1

## Chapter 1: White Lies, Dire Favors and Playtex

When you'd first noticed the color of Chief Jim Hopper's eyes it had been the very first time he'd all but begged one of many subsequent favors from you.

It was sometime in the winter of '83, a few days after you were brought on at the station as a part-time secretary, and Florence, colloquially known throughout the bullpen as Flo, was already well on her way to retirement at the ripe age of 61. As such she had declared to you as she'd left the previous day that she would not be coming in to work the following morning, which meant that you were stuck with the particularly unpleasant task of delivering the resident grump, and solidly non-morning person, Chief Jim Hopper with the previous night's messages.

Usually there was little to report, but as your downtrodden luck would have it, there had been trouble stirring in Hawkins that night. Mr. Bill Crawley, who owned a farm near the southern border of town, had called in that one of his pigs had been slaughtered by a local pack of wolves and was now on a distinctly bumpkin-like diatribe about how the creatures needed to be exterminated. You clearly remembered the phrase, "scourge on God's green earth" being used multiple times in the extensive message. But beneath the religiously intoned accusations, there had been something that seemed like a thinly veiled threat of action lurking behind the sharp

bite of his tone, something that almost took the shape of Mr. Crawley grabbing his Colt rifle after one beer too many and taking matters into his own gnarled hands, though unfortunately there was no line for “possibly reckless intonation” anywhere on the yellowed message pad you’d found in the lower drawer of your new desk.

So as you’d watched Chief Hopper breeze into the station a full half hour late, his customary wide brimmed hat pulled down low over his drawn brow, a scowl etched deep into the bearded lines around his mouth, his shoulders tilted in a way that distinctly read as *I’m too hungover and/or not awake enough to deal with this crap*, you’d mused that you might have better luck reasoning with a post-hibernation bear.

You’d glanced at the other two officer’s currently in the station with you, and while Callahan hadn’t looked up at the Chief’s arrival, Powell did take a break from dealing the round of Rummy that was spanning most of Callahan’s desk and beginning to spill onto his own to catch your eye, something almost sympathetic glinting in the older man’s gaze. You’d thought you’d caught the barest hint of an encouraging smile tugging at the officer’s mouth before his attention had fixed once more upon the game about to unfold between the two clearly bored policemen.

Reasoning valiantly that this wouldn’t get any easier the longer you waited, you’d tugged assuredly at your dark green cable knit sweater, straightened the wool of your pristinely pressed skirt, and had trailed after the Chief, to where he’d already shut the faux oak door of his imposing office.

*Knock. Knock. Knock .*

You weren't entirely sure how the rapping of your knuckles against plaster pretending to be wood could possibly sound timid, and yet if you needed the adjective personified into a sound, there it was.

After a few long moment's of utter silence greeting your brave foray you'd begun to doubt that the Chief had heard you, and you'd just poised your wrist to knock again when the door swung open enough to reveal an unkempt shock of tawny hair, one drawn brow and a sliver of bearded jaw to your gaze. And there, above a blunt cheekbone that looked as though it could take a punch and not so much as flush, was one stunningly out of place, baby blue eye. If his gaze didn't look so ireful you might have stopped to admire it's color, reminiscent of an azure sky brimming with rain-like purpose, of a storm churned sea after the worst of a gale has pounded its rocky shore.

"It's before 9," the Chief supplied in a voice hewn more out of gravel than honey, though you felt something warm and thrumming slip down your spine as it crackled through the fresh coffee and paper-ream scented air, "But you're new so I'll give you this one. Mornings are for-"

“Coffee and contemplation,” you’d interjected, imbuing your smile with a properly bashful warmth as you spoke, “Flo briefed me. But actually, it’s 9:32 and Mr. Crawley wants you to kill some wolves.” You’d held out the slightly wrinkled memo perched in your outstretched hand as an explanation for the confusing end of your sentence, and the Chief had glanced down at it like it might rear up and bite him. The sigh that he breathed out a few moments later was imbued with so much weariness, so much pent up exhaustion that you felt a tinge of sympathy for the man clawing up your spine, tilting your head, quirking your lips.

“Alright, do me a favor,” Chief Hopper had said, scrubbing one massive hand over his bearded jaw, as if the action soothed him somewhat, “When the clock out there reads 10:00 come knock on my door again and give me this. 10:00.” You thought you heard him mutter something that sounded distinctly like *coffee and contemplation* before he eased the door closed with a gentle click, a smile flitting decidedly about your lips as you took your grins and your newfound appreciation for cerulean ocean waves crashing above strong, blunt cheekbones back to your desk.

And that had just been the first favor the Chief had asked of you; his request that initial time had been merely mild natured and slightly amusing. But as your time at the station progressed it seemed that these favors of his had gotten more outlandish, especially judging by the time a few weeks ago when he’d strode up to you one early spring morning while you poured yourself some much needed coffee in the break room, grabbed you by the elbow in a grip that had to be made of pure steel and had steered you quite fretfully into his office, where he promptly shut the door behind you. You had the space of a few heartbeats to wonder if you were being fired, a few more to run

through your actions at the station over the past few weeks, and then just one left to decide that you had done absolutely nothing fire worthy before you realized that Hopper was pacing frantically in front of you, his hair looking just a bit more unkempt than usual, as though he'd run his fingers through it a fair amount of times between now and breakfast.

"I need a favor," Hopper had husked, his tone dripping with worry, with poignant, almost embarrassed distress, "And I'll warn you right now, I'm going to need you to not think anything of it, and not ask any questions."

"If there's a body in your Chevy Blazer I'm not helping you bury it," you'd calmly taken a careful sip from the steaming mug you'd managed to keep steady in your grasp despite Hopper's prodding's, reasoning that at least someone should have a level head, "I've picked up a few things working at a police station, Hopper, and I want plausible deniability," you'd said after a careful, meticulous sweep of the clearly agitated Police Chief pacing in front of you. There had been a bit too much fidgeting unease in his darting gaze to make you comfortable with any of his possible *favours* at that moment.

"What?" Hopper had spat, running thick fingers through his tawny mane once more, leaving it slightly more rumpled and almost boyish as it curled over his forehead. Despite the strange heat of that particularly peculiar morning, the sight had somehow seemed painfully attractive to you just then, "No! No, it's nothing like that, I just need-" Hopper had sworn darkly under his breath, raked a hand over his beard, as he tended to do when facing a situation he'd rather

not be in, and huffed loudly, "I need...I need a damn sanitary pad, okay."

You thought it might have been comical, the way that your eyebrows shot up at his freshly requested favor, but you really couldn't help it. Out of everything that it could have been, *I need the day off, you have to cover the phones for an extra graveyard shift tonight, I have lung cancer from the smoking habit you've told me to quit a million times*, Hopper requesting a pad from you hadn't even made it onto the list.

"W-what?" You'd sputtered, the words slipping between stuttered giggles from lips that had already begun smiling, "Did you get your period today, Hopper?" Those giggles had quickly dissolved into real laughter, delicate and peeling in the suddenly jovial air, "Congratulations, Jim, you're a woman now." You should have done the professional thing and politely stemmed your giggles behind your free hand or wiped the smile off your lips with a careful cough, but Hopper just looked so damned funny, standing there, every inch a man's man in his pressed khaki slacks and tan button down, frowning deeply at you as you shook with laughter.

"Yeah, yeah," Hopper had growled, crossing his brawny arms across his chest, his customary grump returning with a vengeance, and despite the amusement of the situation you sure as hell didn't miss the thick coil of muscle rippling beneath the cotton press of his shirt, the hefty robust sinew flexing there. You'd felt a markedly out of place bolt of heat spear down your spine to curl low in your belly then, tingles rippling down your limbs, making a shiver that you'd

clumsily disguised as dying laughter slip hotly between your shoulder blades.

Oh *right*, you were still devastatingly attracted to him, no matter how insane his favor's got.

"Are you going to give me one or not?"

"Why do you need it?" You'd countered as you crossed your arms in a mirror of his stance, cold confusion trickling in once much of your initial shock and amusement had worn off.

"No questions, remember?" Hopper had replied, shifting so that he could lean against the edge of his desk, the action parting his thick legs just enough so that you could imagine yourself wedged firmly between them, fanning your lips across the leather of his belt, working those slacks down his beefy thighs.

Your silence at his imploration had stretched, spanning quickly from customary to awkward, so you'd covered your tracks with the stubborn upturn of a brow and the cocking of your hip as you'd attempted to look like you were waiting for elaboration instead of

imagining giving the Hawkins Police Chief a blowjob.

“I have a lady friend back at my place who needs one,” Hopper had supplied in a hushed tone, glancing up at you from beneath that rumpled shock of dark blonde hair, something almost bashful playing in his gaze as he'd spoken. It had tasted just a little bit like a lie as it hung in the air between the two of you, but maybe because you were once again caught off guard, somehow you had never considered the possibility that Hopper could have a lady friend and it was making a strange heat prickly uncomfortably in your chest, or the barely passable validity clinging to the blue of Hopper's eyes, but a few moments later you were sighing heavily, digging through the purse still hanging on your shoulder for the few pads you kept close by for emergencies, and handing them over to Hopper with a knowing glance.

“If you need instructions on how to use them, I'm just a door away,” you'd supplied, imbuing your tone with an icy jab that somehow didn't help at all to stem the disquiet rippling down your spine, and you'd thought you saw something almost apologetic flashing in the dark, devastating blue of Hopper's gaze before you turned to go.

Hopper calling your name in that gravel and molasses tone of his had your hand stilling on the door knob, had you canting a shoulder back in his direction, chiding yourself hard for the flutter that had flared in your stomach at the sound of your name falling from his lips.

“Don’t tell anyone?” Hopper had husked, and something in his inflection had the words sounding like a question instead of an order, and simply because of that fact you’d tilted your head in a curt nod and flicked your gaze to his for the briefest of seconds, helpless to stop the smile that tugged at your lips as your eyes met his.

“Thanks,” Hopper had muttered, an answering grin playing at his usually scowling mouth, and you’d let yourself admire the way it looked on his handsome, bearded face for just a moment, musing that Jim Hopper should smile more, before you slipped from the room.

Really, after *that*, any other favor he requested should have been commonplace, expected even. So, you really shouldn’t have been surprised when this morning, as you poured yourself a steaming mug of coffee and mixed in your desired amount of sugar, one Chief Jim Hopper strode into the room, tucked his long, thick fingers in the crook of your elbow, right where the silk of your short sleeve blouse ended and your skin began, and husked low and molten in your ear, “I need a favor.”

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If he was a different man, Jim Hopper might have been offended by the bristling look you threw up at him as he spoke.

“A favor?” you questioned, slipping your gaze over your shoulder to survey the room behind you, no doubt ensuring that you were reasonably alone before replying, “Really, Jim? Another one? You know, you should really start supplying your own feminine hygiene products, Chief. I recommend Playtex.”

And then you were walking away from him, through a narrow hallway, to the bullpen. You really had gotten ballsy during your time here at the Hawkins Police Department, and honestly, Hopper couldn't say that it wasn't a good look for you.

Actually, you looked especially nice today, Hop considered absently, quite unsure of where that stray thought had come from. It was true though; you had twisted your hair into some loose feminine updo that left a few stray strands curling down the graceful slope of your neck, and it was warm enough outside today that you had forgone the sweaters and cardigans necessary to stave off the residual chill of the past few months for a blouse of some soft material that billowed around your body as you walked, the fabric slipping against your skin in a way that had Hopper's mouth watering inexplicably. When he glanced down at the flexing muscles of your calves he realized that you weren't wearing any stockings beneath the tight slip of your skirt. That licentious realization had him swallowing thickly, trying hard to banish any thoughts of how silky your skin would feel curving beneath his calloused fingers, of how eagerly your sleek thighs would part for him.

Hissing in a breath, Hopper stalled your determined steps with the light press of his hand into the small of your back, noting with a molten measure of *something* how you'd immediately stilled at the contact, your full lips parting, the thick sweep of your eyelashes

fluttering. Trying hard not to think about the fact that one of his palms could nearly span the billowing dips of your waist, he leaned in behind you, breath ghosting the shell your ear, to rasp, "Please?"

You sucked in a shaky breath and held it, flexing your fingers around the polished ceramic of the coffee mug clutched in your hand, and closed your eyes for a long moment, during which Hopper distractedly followed the path of one swaying lock of hair that had escaped from your loose bun as it bravely tickled the exposed flesh of your collar bone. Hopper mused that he could get lost in the hollows of your throat, the steady pounding of your pulse.

"Fine," you hissed sharply, jarring Hopper from where he'd been about a hairsbreadth away from, quite inappropriately, leaning in to your neck to catch more of the faint flowery scent emanating from your warm skin, and he shook himself hard as you spoke, "You have sixty seconds, then I'm getting back to doing actual work."

Grinning from the piercing glow of that small victory, internally steeling himself for the battle just ahead, Hopper cleared his throat and led the way to his office, closing the door softly behind you as you trailed somewhat reluctantly inside.

Ever since the last favor he'd asked of you, the one involving pads and very awkward conversations, you had been acting strangely around him. If he didn't know any better, he would call your

behavior something like jealousy.

For a brief moment, as he surveyed the fierce downturn of your brow and the comely bow of your full lips, Hopper wished that he could explain himself fully, reveal the fact that the feminine products weren't for some faceless, nameless woman waiting, warm and pliant, in his bed but for *her*, for the girl. For Eleven.

And it was for her that he kept this secret. No one could know who was currently occupying the spare room in his cabin, eating his Eggos and stealing his heart in the process, no matter how much it might smooth over any workplace disgruntlements or relationships between admittedly attractive, single coworkers. Eleven was his to protect now, his to feed, his to teach.

And that made part of him feel indescribably sad; Eleven deserved better than him, muddling his way through fatherhood. But when he'd brought her the pilfered pads, a plate of chocolate syrup covered Eggo's and a pink book with the words *body*, *woman* and *growing-up*, all phrases he never wanted to think about in relation to Eleven, blazoned in something Hopper suspected might be fuchsia on the cover, she'd flashed him one of her small smiles that always made his heart suddenly feel far too big for his chest and thanked him in that quiet voice of hers. And suddenly, it had all been alright.

But you didn't know that, not as you stood here in his office, tapping

one dainty high heel clad foot against the coffee stained carpet and crossing your arms over your chest, making the delicious swell of your breasts ripple beneath your blouse.

Honestly, it hadn't always been like this; him having to battle the urge to run his mouth down the slope of your neck, slip his jaw just behind your ear to catch more of whatever tantalizing perfume you wore, sneaking peeks at your legs as you walked by him, but somehow your behavior towards him in the past few weeks, the aloofness, the slight disregard, had caught and held his attention. He hadn't realized how friendly, how incredibly warm, you'd been to him before, but more importantly, he hadn't realized just how much he'd *liked* it.

And now he'd kill to have that back.

"Fifty seconds left, Hop," you supplied as you checked the slim watch spanning your delicate wrist, "Tick, tock." Leaning against his desk, Hopper allowed the briefest hint of amusement to bloom in his chest at your sharp tongue before he steeled himself and spoke.

"So there's a Police retreat this weekend," he started, about to explain the annual county wide weekend getaway and all the hellish team building exercises, meant to increase productivity and branch effectiveness, it sported, but to his surprise you chimed in a moment later.

“The Roane County Police Department Retreat,” you supplied, tilting your head in a way that Hopper could only think to describe as adorable as you continued, “Flo has been out of her mind worrying about what will happen when you’re gone. Callahan is over the moon about not having to go.”

“Yeah, well I sure as hell have to be there,” Hopper snorted, wondering not for the first time exactly how Callahan had become an officer at all, “Attendance for the Hawkin’s Police Force has been upped to mandatory this year.”

“Why can’t you just skip?” you questioned as you propped a bent elbow in the swell of your waist, and abruptly Hopper mused that he probably would have liked you if he knew you in high school. Hell, he probably would have hooked up with you in zero seconds flat; you were just his type. Clearing his throat to banish sudden flashes of you kissing his neck as he parked the Blazer in an open Indiana field somewhere, of your small, soft hands deftly undoing his belt, of you writhing in his lap, fogging up the Chevy’s glass with the small moans he wrung from you, Hopper tried to bite back his grin, and failed.

“Because after what many have described as “shoddy Police work” last November, Hawkins is under a damn microscope,” Hopper explained, swiping at the wide brimmed hat perched atop his head to run suddenly itching fingers through his hair, sharp, unpleasant

memories pricking uncomfortably at the back of his neck, “And for a town where nothing ever happens, that’s quite a feat.”

“So you have to go, kiss a few asses, make nice with the local cops,” you shot back, raising one slim brow as you spoke, “Where does this favor you’re asking me for come in?”

Hopper wished the piercing weight of your gaze was just a measure less crushing as he tugged at the suddenly stifling collar of his slightly unbuttoned shirt, noting with a healthy measure of disdain that his palms had begun to sweat. Flashing you his best charming smile and roguish grin, Hopper answered, “Well, I was hoping you’d be willing to come with me.”

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At that moment, as Hopper bat those irresistible fucking eyes of his down at you, a grin that was equal parts charming and devilish scrubbing his bearded jaw, you really wished that you weren’t so fucking attracted to him.

But alas, you were, and just now you’d give anything to close the scant distance between you and him, wrap one determined hand

around his nape and tug him down to you for a searing kiss. Maybe you'd also sweep those boring looking folders off of his desk and demand that he have his way with you right here, too. At least then you wouldn't have to think about answering his request, or about how much you didn't want to be around Roane County's finest secretary's or rub elbows with various member's of the Indiana boys-in-blue club, or about how much you suspected you were going to say *yes, I'll go*, just to quell the curiosity burning in your chest at the fact that you'd wrung not one, but two smiles out of resident grump, Chief Jim Hopper this morning.

"Go with you to a two day long Police Retreat?" you questioned, just so that you could pretend for a little while longer that the crinkle of his eyes as he smiled hadn't already convinced you that, *hell yeah*, you were going, "But I'm not a Police Chief. I'm not even an Officer."

"You're part of my department," Hopper provided without even seeming to think about it, shrugging one meaty shoulder in a way that suggested it was obvious, "And I say that you can come."

"And what's in it for me if I do?" You asked too quickly in an attempt to bat away the fierce heat that his assurance of your place in Hawkin's had caused to erupt in your chest, hesitant to admit just how deeply the sentiment had affected you.

Hopper leaned back to survey you, the bright glint in his eye and the

upwards quirk of his mouth denoting his genuine surprise that you were even seriously considering attending with him, “An extra week of paid leave this year.”

“A week and a half,” you countered, shifting your weight into what you hoped was a more intimidating pose, though it was proving seriously difficult to bully the goddamned grizzly bear slouching in front of you, given that you were less than half his size, “And you’ll be buying me drinks at the nearest bar all weekend. No matter how obscenely drunk I get, if I demand a Strawberry Marg, I’ll expect you to deliver, Jim Hopper.”

That actually wrung a strangled laugh out of the Chief, the chuckle seeming to fall from between his lips without his permission, and you had to work hard to combat the fierce frisson of warmth that sparked in your chest at hearing the rich, throaty sound grate from his upturned mouth. You bit your lower lip, feeling a slight blush flood across your cheekbones, heartily aware of the fact that Hopper was sweeping his gaze down your form with something that you could almost interpret as interest sparking in his gaze, darkening his eyes. You were so lost pondering the implications of that look that you barely registered the large hand that had been thrust in your direction, glancing up into stormy dark blue just as Hopper supplied in that gravely voice of his, “Deal.”

“Deal,” you parroted back as you slipped your hand into his and shook it with gusto. Never mind the fact that Hopper’s palm was huge and warm and calloused, making you wonder what the hell else on him followed suit, suddenly, abruptly *hungry*, achy with want.

Never mind that you just signed yourself up for several hours of alone time in a car with him, or that you hadn't even discussed sleeping arrangements. You and Hopper were going on a road trip.

And Lord help you if you didn't jump the man before the end of the weekend.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hello Lovely Readers!

Thank you for reading! I was originally going to have just two chapters in this fic and continue right to the smut in chapter one, but that would have made this initial chapter insanely long, so I split it up. Therefore, this fic will now be three chapters exploring the Hopper/Reader relationship!

What did you think? Was everyone in character? Was Hopper grumpy enough? Scowly enough? Do you wanna know what happens at the police retreat?? (Me too lol)

Please don't hesitate to leave me any comments, concerns or questions that you think of, I LOVE feedback from you! This was my first attempt at Hopper fic so please be gentle :)

P.S.

I make moodboards for all of my fics, and here is one for this chapter! No pressure to check it out, the images just help me envision the chapters a little clearer and I share them for your viewing pleasure. Enjoy!

<http://imagines-oneshots-blog.tumblr.com/post/169155006274/the-boys-in-blue-chapter-1-white-lies-dire>

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter Two: Color Coded Memos, A Few Beers, and A Line Begging To Be Crossed

There was something in the air today, dank and heaving, coiling anxiously with covert purpose in the timber and tedium filled room as you sat through your fourth police sanctioned lecture of the day.

Maybe it was the perfume of the woman sitting a few seats away from you; the scent wafting from her pompously coifed hair smelling suspiciously like Aqua Net and Opium by Yves Saint Laurent. Or maybe it was the stale musk of the cabin you and about twenty other women were crowded into, all of you currently being assailed with the finer points of writing a good memo. As you checked the tacky bird shaped clock perched precariously on the far wall, you mused that you were about forty-two minutes into the titillating seminar, and you were so bored that you could cry.

Boredom; maybe that was the *something* perched nefariously in the rafters. No, that was certainly part of it, but not quite all of it. Whatever it was hung too vibrant and sharp along the notches of your spine to be mere boredom, though you couldn't quite stop yourself from checking the fowl clock again to confirm that you were now forty three minutes in, and then again in about sixty five seconds to confirm at forty four minutes. *Fuck*, would this ever end?

Impatience, then? No, this feeling was more concentrated, less caustic. You glanced down at your lap to have something more interesting to look at, studying the worn wash of your jeans as though it would be so forthcoming as to provide you with an escape from this hellish afternoon. The denim stared back up at you, seemed to shrug as you uncrossed your legs, crossed them again.

This was the second day of the Roane County Police Department Retreat, each hour chock full of lectures on every stimulating subject, from department wide safety measure enforcement to properly utilizing the state provided fax machines so charitably supplied to each county station. As if any of the numerous arrogant, egotistical officers swarming the retreat site this weekend would ever give a damn about sending a fax, let alone deign to learn how to use the machine themselves. Such tasks were left to secretaries like yourself and the handfuls of other pant suited, polite tempered ladies attending the event.

When the lecturer, an older woman sporting a hideous coral suit jacket-skirt combo and far too much lip liner, began her last segment on penmanship, you had to try very hard to remember the real reason you were here, the reason that your bored, denim clad ass was currently parked in this bracing plastic chair, and it sure as shit wasn't legible cursive.

It was Hopper, with his stormy blue eyes and his gravely pleas, his damned favors and his rare smiles that made fire sizzle in your belly. That unnamed feeling sparking in the air stirred, coiling more fiercely

about you at that thought, buzzing so strongly that for a moment you could almost give it a name, but Lip Liner up front prattling on about the correct way to write a 'Z' in the cursive alphabet had the adjectives slipping away like sand through upturned fingers.

Given something more interesting to think about, your bored mind eagerly fixated, conjuring up images of Hopper's hands clutching the worn edges of his wide brimmed hat or braced upon the holster of his gun where it was clipped to his belt; and of his fingers, long and thick, curled around the white slip of cigarette poised between his lips, or raking through the sandy blond hair strewn messy and unkempt about his forehead. You sighed heavily, tentatively giving in to the daydreams prodding insistently at the nape of your neck, aversely toeing that proprietary line etched in sturdy mahogany desks and yellowed memo pads, the one that screamed quite clearly that it was inappropriate, *improper*, to harbor fantasies about your boss.

But then why did these images of Hopper so abruptly and gleefully turn from innocent scenes in the office to markedly wanton images of those same hands clutching not at any wide brimmed head gear but at *you*, those long thick fingers tripping down the swell of your waist, splaying eager and wanting about the curves of your ass to clutch you tighter to him as his lips slid hungrily down the exposed slope of your neck. You'd bet that his beard would feel like *heaven* as it rasped against the delicate flesh of your collarbones, or better yet, the sensitive skin near the cradle of your thighs.

The Hopper of this daydream wasn't simply a grumpy, quick tempered, secretly lovable boss who had made it clear from his

previous actions that he had no problem scoring when it came to the ladies of Hawkins; he was also attentive, resolute and single-minded in his intimacy. Somewhere in the back of your mind, far removed from the place where you stalwartly refused to admit that you pondered such things, you firmly suspected that was how Hopper was, that he would show the same devotion and determination when he explored your body, wrung shattering pleasure from you, as he had while solving Hawkins' only missing persons case since '23. For a moment you let yourself imagine giving in to his heated caresses, falling into bed with him, tugging his huge, hulking body against yours. Would he mindfully slip his hands down your waist, splay his fingers in the dips of your ribs and lower, slide them down between the jutting cliffs of your hip bones; was he the kind of man that relished in the musky, earthen scents and tastes of a woman, in the teasing and tormenting of a willing body with an all too hungry tongue and a tempting pair of lips?

Was Jim Hopper the kind of man who loved to eat women out? Just then, you thought that you might kill to find out.

Chairs scraping loudly against worn wooden floors and the low hum of gentle chatter broke you much too soon from your Hopper filled reverie, and you had to take a few shuddering moments to shake your head and clear your throat, those molten, midnight tinged imaginings of huge hands curled around writhing hips and a familiar bearded jaw scraping across quivering flesh proving remarkably reluctant to leave your mind.

You found your legs were surprisingly jelly-like beneath you as you

rose and followed the steady stream of shoulder pads and stockings out of the cabin, eternally grateful that these goddamned lectures were officially over for the weekend. In addition to being immensely boring, they also conjured up grating, somewhat uncomfortable memories of the tedium of school - never your favorite thing - and all of the angst and monotony that came with it.

As you burst from the small cabin door and bounded down the rickety porch steps you suddenly caught sight of a familiar scrub of ruddy beard and a bright flash of tempestuous blue peeking from beneath drawn brows and you smiled as you neared the towering figure leaning against a tan and white Chevy Blazer, strangely pleased that the picture Hopper cut in person was so meticulously similar to the ruggedly hewn man nipping at your thighs in your fervent daydreams.

“Hey,” you chanted as you plucked the cigarette burning slowly between Hopper’s upturned fingers and raised it to your lips to take a much-needed drag, relying on the nicotine firing against your tongue to distract you from how you’d imagined Hopper’s kiss would taste after he’d coaxed a blistering orgasm out of you with those sinful lips of his. A spark of pleasure roiled hotly in your chest as you spotted the grin tugging at Hopper’s mouth, spurred no doubt by your playful, jovial attitude at finally escaping that hellish seminar. Molten thoughts about scathing, toe-curling orgasms wrung from your trembling body by a certain tall, burly Police Chief didn’t exactly hurt your expression either.

“How was it?” Hopper questioned as he slid his fingers against yours

to reclaim the cigarette from where it was balanced between your forefinger and thumb, and you attempted to look like you were thinking of an answer to his question instead of reveling in the rough whisper of his skin against yours. You weren't entirely sure you succeeded.

"Better than the lecture on color-coding memos," you mused, turning your face to the weak, late afternoon sunlight as you spoke, crossing your arms over the simple black long sleeved t shirt you wore to ward off the slight spring evening chill biting in the air, "But worse than the one on office bathroom etiquette," you rolled your eyes up in Hopper's direction, meeting amused, churning sapphire as you continued, "At least *that* was useful."

Hopper chuckled lightly, the sound slightly jarring - you were still getting used to the fact that you could wring laughter out of notorious grump Jim Hopper - as he stubbed out the last of his cigarette and tugged open the creaky door to the Blazer.

"Bar?" he questioned, his stormy eyes following you as you walked around the front of the car and climbed into the passenger's seat.

"Bar," you confirmed, settling in for the brief ride to the relatively tidy accommodations a half-mile or so away from the retreat compound that you and Hopper had secured yesterday when you'd arrived. He had insisted that you and him not bunk on site, at the

five people to a cabin dorms that the retreat center provided, suggesting instead that you make use of the numerous motels lining the nearby highway

“They’ve already got us here,” Hopper had husked, a smoldering cigarette hanging lank between his lips, white smoke billowing freely into the air, pouring from the small furnace reflected in the deep blue pools of his eyes, “I’ll be damned if they make us stay at that glorified Boy Scout camp too.” And with that Hopper had slammed open the Roane County Yellow Pages in search of the nearest motel.

Thankfully, that same motel you were headed to now also sported a spectacularly dingy dive bar propped up right beside it, and after the day you’d had you needed a damn beer.

Suddenly, like a bolt of lightning, as Hopper swung the Blazer into a gravel parking space and glanced at you with something warm and thrumming in his gaze, you had a name for that feeling firing through you all day, the one that had spilt down your spine and coiled between your shoulder blades, the one that had quickened your steps as you’d spotted Hopper waiting for you by the Blazer outside of the cabin, that had your heart twisting strangely in your chest now.

*Anticipation.*

And it almost concerned you, how much you enjoyed it.

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“How was your day?” you threw the question nonchalantly in Hopper’s direction, as if you didn’t know how poignantly comfortable, how alluringly *domestic* it seemed as you sipped at your beer and slid your warm, smiling eyes to him. *Damn*, he’d missed that familiar glint playing about your lashes, upturning the corners of your mouth, and he found himself helpless not to grin in response, despite the abhorrence of the conversation topic.

“Three hours on properly tranquilizing and transporting trespassing black bears, two hours on new deputizing procedures and an hour on proper office behavior,” Hop growled, punctuating his words with a healthy pull from his beer, his displeasure evident in the husk of his tone and the hefty downturn of his mouth, “I’d say *this*,” he continued, gesturing between himself and you with the lip of his beer, “Is the highlight.”

You flushed quite becomingly at his words, and judging by how fiercely something warm and fervent slid in his chest at the sight Jim had to remind himself a bit more firmly that you were his co worker, not some woman he had just met at the bar; a woman with eyes that burnt like fire as they fixed on him, who could undo him with the

gentle press of slim fingers at his forearm and who made him weak in the knees from one small smile.

He was glad to see that this retreat, for all of its tedious state sanctioned activities and boring lectures, was actually accomplishing something good. The icy pallid chill that had frosted over your actions towards him in the past few months, the one that Hop suspected was present thanks to a small measure of jealousy at some imaginary woman conjured out of secrets and desperation, was beginning to thaw, no doubt thanks to the throbbing intimacy of the bar that you had mostly to yourselves and the distinct bonding that abject misery often caused.

“At least you didn’t have to sit through the hour and a half on color coding memos,” you frowned, delicate lines wrinkling the smooth skin between your brows, and suddenly Hop had to push away a strange, compelling desire to cup the curve of your cheek with one calloused hand and smooth his thumb over those lines, sooth your displeasure, “*That* was a distinct type of torture.”

“Well, now you might be able to give Flo a run for her money,” he replied, sipping from his beer to stem those foreign urges, glad to give his hands, and his mouth, something to do other than reach towards you.

“Please,” you snorted, glancing at him from beneath the knowing

quirk of your brows, a smile tugging at your lips, “Flo is a force to be reckoned with. There’s a reason she doesn’t come to these damn things - she already knows *everything*.”

Suddenly Jim sure as hell hoped that wasn’t true, because as you laughed together, bodies leaning closer, knees almost touching beneath the sticky surface of the bar, he realized that he had it bad for you, that this feeling in his chest wasn’t a new one, and absently, around the smile curving his mouth of its own accord, he wondered if every damn person at the station was aware of it.

Not that it necessarily would’ve stopped him from acting on it now.

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You’d seen worse bathrooms than the one that the dive bar housed in the back, near the kitchens, but that certainly didn’t mean you were going to touch anything.

Three beers and almost as many hours had done a number on your bladder, so despite the increasingly interesting conversation budding between you and the Hawkins Police Chief, you’d desperately needed to excuse yourself to the little girls room.

As you washed your hands with soap from a dispenser in the charming shape of an Indiana eight point buck, you glanced at yourself in the mirror, taking in the sweeping heft of your hair as it tumbled over your shoulders, the slightly worn, day weary smudges of your makeup, the tight fit of your blue Wrangler jeans and the swell of your breasts beneath your black long sleeve t shirt, and suddenly you mused that you could be anyone tonight, meeting anyone at the bar outside. Did you *really* have to be a secretary on a work trip with your boss? Maybe it was the alcohol sizzling through your veins talking now, but couldn't you just be a woman in her prime ready to meet some tall handsome stranger with big shoulders and strong hands who could have a good time and not ask too many questions?

With that dangerously tempting thought in mind and a smile about your lips you fluffed your hair, adjusted the comely heft of your breasts, and strode out of the bathroom, your high-heeled boots clicking ominously on the hardwood floor beneath you. You saw everything with new eyes; the smoldering neon lights outside leaking through the windows on the far wall, low lamps illuminating the bar with a comfortable glow, the kind that hid all manner of secrets, the multiple men playing pool or slouching at booths that raked their gazes over you in a slow, hungry sort of way that made deep seated feelings better suited to the far away carnal past than to this scorching, proper modern world flare in your breast.

Besides, you were really only after the gaze of one man, the one at the bar there, halfway through his beer, beefy forearms braced on the counter beneath him, thick thighs spread invitingly about the stool far too small for his hulking form. He glanced up as if you turning the corner had been a siren's call that resounded right down to his

marrow, the cool blue of his gaze churning as it met yours, firing with some molten emotion that danced dangerously close to attraction. You smiled and flicked your tongue at the seam of your lips as your eyes locked, loving the thrill that slid down your spine, settled low in your belly, as his gaze darkened and his jaw clenched, the line between personal and professional becoming more blurry as the beers and the conversation flowed. Something had happened as the night wore on, something that only grew stronger as you neared him, moved to reclaim your seat, and it had your blood seething with excitement.

Suddenly, as you slid into the bar stool beside him, you got the exhilarating feeling that this was incredibly clandestine, covert almost; two attractive, single people meeting for a drink in a town where no one knew their names, where no one was there to judge or gossip, both well aware of what the other wanted and wanting it anyway. It was fitting; there really was no room for professional boundaries in this bar, while you and Hopper were both a few beers in and obviously wanting.

“Why did you invite me here, Jim?” you questioned abruptly as you leaned in towards him, your voice crooning low and vibrant, the fourth beer of the night sweating beneath fingers that were curling around cool glass, the liquid adding courage to the hum of your words, “It was to spend time with me, wasn’t it?” you leaned back a measure to survey him as he took a long pull from his drink, greedily watching the strong lines of his thick neck work, “I really don’t mind if that’s why, I *am* great road trip company. My taste in music is excellent and I’m hilarious,” You grinned devilishly at the look he flashed you, the one you had often imagined gracing his features just before he bent you over his desk or pushed you up against a bullpen wall in your daydreams, the one that warned that he was teetering on the edge of something virile, something dangerous.

Feeling like a matador waving a crimson flag of temptation before a frothing bull, you slid one hand up his muscled thigh, any worries of firing or citations of inappropriate work behavior far from your alcohol-addled mind as you gazed up at Hopper, smiled slow and wide, and husked.

“And I’m also very fond of car sex.”

*Holy shit*, was that really you that had just said that? Tipsy you, sober you, and Chief Jim Hopper did a double take as the words slipped from your smiling lips, hanging like a challenge, like an invitation in the fervent air below. You were about a millisecond away from removing your hand from his thigh and apologizing profusely when Hopper plunked down his beer, leaned in closer to you, almost close enough that you could imagine the searing feel of his lips against yours and replied, a positively wicked gleam shimmering in his storm ridden gaze.

“What about motel sex?”

*The line!*

Something in the back of your mind gasped, but you mentally shooed it away, leaning your head on the hand not slipping further up the heft of Hopper's leg as you smiled at him flirtatiously. This was uncharted territory, new for the both of you, and there was something almost painfully exhilarating about it, pulsing strong and charged in the air, a challenge that you sure as hell didn't want to back down from. You could tell from the dark gleam to the churning blue of Hopper's gaze that he didn't either.

"I'm equally as fond of motel sex," you bit your lip, gazing up at Hop from beneath your lashes, loving the handsome tilt to his features when he smiled, "Though I have to admit, I don't have nearly as much practice with it."

You could tell that Hopper was suddenly thinking about if he really *should* say what he wanted to, what the both of you wanted him to, and because you suddenly longed to wave that crimson flag before him just a bit more you slipped one slim knee between the thick heft of his thighs, reveling in the plume of heat that burst low in your belly at Hopper's responding groan, the one you felt more than heard. All at once some wall seemed to crumble within him, some lofty dam of self-control faltered, and you released a breath you hadn't realized you'd been holding at it's fall.

“There’s no time like the present,” Hopper grated, and in the space of a few heartbeats he had slipped out his wallet from his back pocket, slammed a few bills on the counter to pay for the both of your beers, and had snatched your hand up tight in his huge palm.

You couldn’t stem the giggles that were rippling from your chest as you and Hopper all but ran to cover the scant distance from the shitty bar to the motel beside it, wondering absently the whole way if it could have been any more obvious what you were off to do, and your subsequent thoughts about the details of that *what* had you panting hard once you made it to the chipped wooden door of Hopper’s room. Yours was right next to it, the key tucked into your front right jean’s pocket, and for just a moment you worried that this wasn’t really gonna happen, that Hopper would just tip his wide brimmed hat to you and say goodnight, leaving you to your heated frustration and gaping lust.

But then, in a practiced move of stunning deftness for a man so large, Hopper released your hand, slipped a palm around your hip, and turned just as he pulled you to him, the result of which had you pressed between him with your back to the door, his hands so large they easily spanned the distance between your ribs, his palms so hot they felt like brands pressed against the thin cotton of your shirt.

*The line!*

It fluttered urgently in the back of your mind, but your unabashed desire, mixed with the pressing, welcome weight of Hopper's huge palms, wanting and hungry, clutching about your hips, had the mental intonation shedding all of its bite, ringing like a feeble question, like a sealed letter waiting to be broken, ready to reveal furtive secrets etched on snowy pages within.

Suddenly he slipped both of his large hands into the back pockets of your Wrangler's and used that leverage to tilt your hips closer, so close that you had to rest your hands on the solid heft of his chest to keep from losing your balance, and something deep inside of you trembled at finally knowing how those muscles felt roiling beneath your fingers.

"If you don't want this then tell me to stop now, otherwise I'm not sure I'll be able to control myself." Hopper's voice was little more than a low-pitched intonation dragging thickly over gravel-strewn ground, but you felt the words so poignantly it was as if they were seared into your skin, etched onto your bones.

"I don't want you to stop," you gasped, your fingers burrowing into the giving material of his sweater, the thick fabric spread so becomingly over his chest, over warm skin that you were dying to run your fingers across, to feel jump beneath your touch as you raked your teeth down his neck, "Hopper-" You might have been shocked at how needy you sounded if you had space to think around the desire spiking deep in your chest, burning between your hips.

“I’ve wanted this for so damn long,” Hopper rasped as he leaned down to rest his forehead against yours, the gentleness in the gesture, tender amidst a raging storm of long suppressed want and seething lust, made your heart twist hard in your chest, but you couldn’t think about that for very long because after a searing heartbeat Hopper jammed his key into the door behind you with one hand, gripped the flesh of your ass hard with the other, and captured your lips with his.

You groaned low and loud into the kiss, your hands flying up from where they were twined in his sweater to burrow eagerly in his hair, the only thing keeping that damned hat of his that your hungry fingers tore at from being lost somewhere along the back roads of Roane County was the fact that Hopper had finally unlocked the door he had been working on and was pushing your tangling bodies inside so that it tumbled safely to the floor.

Not that either of you gave a damn, what with how fiercely you were kissing, how deftly you were pressed against each other. The *line* had been left firmly outside, on the other side of the door that Hopper had kicked closed, and in this room you weren’t boss and secretary, you weren’t coworkers, you were simply two people that wanted each other frantically, brutally.

You impatiently slipped off your shoes as your palms greedily explored the wide, strong panes of Hopper’s back, swept down packed muscle and hefty flesh with a fierce inquisitiveness, eager to find those places that made him groan so hotly against your mouth, that had curses slipping like fire against your lips. You tripped your

fingers up his sides, between his pecs, loving the wiry hair you found there, the warm skin that bucked beneath your touch.

Hopper's own hands were busy tearing your t shirt off your head, and you helped him tug impatiently when the sleeves got stuck at your wrists, catching just below the delicate bones of your hands. With a few urgent pulls you were free, the garment falling forgotten to the floor. Immediately Hopper's hands were at your waist, sliding up your torso, his fingers fanning urgently against your ribcage, just under the wire of your bra, before they found their destination, his palms so blessedly hot against the aching swells of your breasts.

"You're so damn *soft*," Hopper growled as you moaned against his lips, arched your back into his touch, "So much better than I'd ever imagined."

"You imagined this?" you asked breathlessly as you tugged at the hem of his sweater, grinning when he got the hint and tore the garment, sweater and undershirt, off his shoulders in a few frantic, impatient moves.

"Oh hell yeah," he grated, both of his palms returning to you, each one resting on the sides of your neck, fingers brushing your jaw, and something in your chest stirred at the fact that even in the heat of intimacy, Hopper paused to show such tenderness, "I've spent whole afternoons wondering what color panties you were wearing that day.

Made me feel like a goddamn teenager again.”

You giggled against his lips, laughter slipping between kisses as he spoke, loving his smile you could feel curving against your mouth, though his grin quickly dissolved into something more heated when you reached between his spread thighs to press a hungry palm into the hardness between his hips, “Well, I do hope you have a bit more experience using this since you were a teenager. I want you all night, Hop.”

“*Jesus*,” Hopper grunted, his hips rocking into your touch fervently, his hands dipping determinately down the panes of your back to unclasp your bra in a deft movement that left you almost no time to help him slip the lingerie to the floor. His calloused palms were on your bare breasts in an instant; his fingers like fire as they strummed your nipples, stoked the raging flames of desire aching in your belly.

“I definitely couldn’t do *that* as a teenager,” Hopper husked, leaving you just one stunned heartbeat to marvel at the fact that he’d made a damn *joke*, that grumpy Jim Hopper was no where to be found and you fucking *liked* it, before he slipped his huge hands around the backs of your jean clad thighs and tugged you to him, lifting you into his arms like you weighed nothing at all. He nipped at your collarbones as you clasped your hands tightly around his thick shoulders, holding on as he walked your tangled forms further into the room.

He laid you gently onto the bed, kissing his way between your breasts, down the panes of your stomach, between the writhing juts of your hipbones, his long thick fingers undoing the clasp of your jeans with a masterful deftness that sent a wicked thrill of longing sizzling down your spine.

Those stormy dark blue eyes, the ones that you had admired for so long, locked with yours as Hopper tugged your jeans, panties tangled up under his thumbs, down your legs, his hands slipping reverently back up your limbs once your Wrangler's and undergarments were abandoned on the floor, parting your thighs with agile fingers as he went.

"And I sure as hell couldn't do this," Hopper growled, still holding your gaze, the one you felt was stripping you down to the very bone with each passing heartbeat, as he slipped his forearms beneath your thighs, licked his fucking lips, and dipped his head to slip his tongue ravenously against your clit.

Somewhere around the searing pleasure his tongue had sparking through your body, the moans wracking your spine, you remembered your question from earlier, when you'd been caught in the roseate wash of fervent daydreams.

*Was Jim Hopper the kind of man who loved to eat women out?*

As the man in question growled low against the wet throb of your pussy, his tongue flicking voraciously against your clit with single minded intent and obvious enjoyment, you could firmly answer; yes, Jim Hopper was that kind of a man.

It was intense, grating, powerful, but it wasn't enough. You wanted to feel the full length of him against you, to feel the blissful throb of his shaft sinking deep inside your wet pussy, to look into his eyes as you came, so you whined and tugged at his shoulders and twisted your hips until Hopper finally assented and kissed his way back up your body with a knowing grin curving his mouth, shedding his pants and briefs as he went.

"Hopper, I *need* you," you panted as he kissed up between the valley of your breasts, his mouth pausing briefly to close over one nipple, teeth grating against the heated peak, making a moan catch low in your throat, before he was making his way up once more.

"I'm yours, baby," He replied as he kissed in the hollows of your throat, breath hot, teasing against your sensitive flesh, "I'm all yours."

He braced a hand on either side of your head, his hips slotting together with yours, and you shivered wildly as you felt the full heated throb of his shaft pressing needy and insistent into your thigh.

*“Jesus, you’re so fucking beautiful,”* Hop grated as he swept his gaze over your bared form beneath him, obvious reverence and something like amazement glinting in his darkening eyes.

“Hop,” you gasped, feeling a blush heat your cheekbones, somewhat surprised that you could manage bashfulness while you writhed, naked as the day you were born, beneath him.

“I mean that,” he husked, and as you met his eyes you believed him, fully and completely, and because you couldn’t quite find the words to describe the throbbing, achy feeling that caused to swell in your chest you raised your head to slant your mouth over his instead.

It felt like the most natural thing in the world to fit your body against Hoppers, to drape your legs around his sturdy hips, to slip your arms beneath his and rake your nails down his strong back.

“Hopper,” you whispered against his lips, twisting your thighs in a way that had the searing throb of your pussy sliding wetly against his cock, “Please.”

“Oh, fuck,” Hopper husked, biting harder at your bottom lip as he snaked a hand between your writhing bodies and lined up his shaft with the wet slip of your sex, “Look at me, babe. Look at me.”

You weren't sure what you had been expecting when you met Hopper's eyes, but the fervent emotion, the depth of feeling shimmering there certainly wasn't it. You felt him thrust his hips forward, felt that slight burning ripple of your muscles as the blunt head of his cock sank into you, and you gasped at the fullness, the feeling of completion. He was going so damn slow; you felt every fucking inch, every throbbing heartbeat, every glorious snap of his hips. And the laden churn of his gaze heightened it all.

“H-hop!” his name fell, stuttered and broken, from your lips as he bottomed out, your hips pressed tight together, both of you panting hard, breaths coming fast and needy in the whetted tangle of your arms.

And then he began to move.

Slowly at first, languid, lazy rolls of his hips as he kissed hungrily at the seam of your lips, the place behind your ear that had tingles shimmering down your spine, the juncture where your neck met your shoulder. You could *hear* the joining of your bodies, slick, wet

salacious sounds that only served to heighten your arousal, so much that it was almost *painful* as it throbbed deep in your belly, but then Hopper would nip at your jaw and thrust his long thick shaft deep into you again, and it'd be okay. Until he started pulling out once more.

It was deliriously good, each drive of his hips more skillful than the last, and suddenly, through the heated tangle of limbs coiled about sweat slicked skin, you realized that your daydreams had been right; Hopper was attentive, resolute and utterly single-minded with his intimacy. It seemed that he knew exactly what you needed before you did. One grind of his hips as he sank into you had your clit catching against his pubic bone, had fire searing up your spine and a moan ripping from your throat. One press of his lips against your fluttering pulse had you groaning, tipping your head back for more.

And when you nipped your teeth at the sensitive shell of his ear, dug your fingers into his ass and groaned, "*More, harder! Faster, Hop!*" you certainly didn't have to ask twice.

He gave you just that, bracing his arms more firmly on either side of your head for leverage as he slammed his hips into yours harder, faster, husking wicked curses and heated praises against your flushed skin. The thick slide of his shaft, the perfect press of his lips at your neck, his fingers thrumming over your bouncing nipples, one huge palm curling around your thigh, it was all too much, and you felt your impending orgasm coiling low between your hips, heightened with each drive of Hopper's cock deep within you, each wanton slap of skin that hung like the crack of a whip in the air, each time your

name fell like a plea from his lips.

“Hopper, I’m g-gonna cum,” you gasped, arching your back for more of the delicious friction sparking from the weight of his body on yours, giving in as Hopper growled and interlaced your fingers with his, raising your arms over your head. You felt a telling throb inside you, a hard pulsing of his shaft that made you suspect he wouldn’t be far behind you.

“Cum for me, babe,” Hopper ordered in the gravel and molasses voice of his, the one that always made you shiver with want, and as his thumb found the bud of your clit between the pounding of his hips against yours, your eyes snapped to his, your mouth falling open as a raging orgasm ripped down your spine. It was *searing*, brutal from all the pent up lust, all the gentleness from earlier, and it sizzled in your toes, flicked at the arches of your feet, burrowed deep in your limbs.

“Hopper!” you cried, your pussy clenching wildly around him as you came, your gaze locked with his, and you felt him thrust through the wet pulse of your orgasm once, twice, three times before his hips stuttered and he pulled out, shooting jets of hot release onto the wide expanse of white motel bed sheet beside you.

Your ears were still ringing as you came down from your blissful high and you raked your nails down Hopper’s sweat slicked back as your pulse slowed, slid your fingers into his rumpled hair, smiled when you felt him nip at your neck where his face was buried against your heated skin. His weight above you was not unwelcome.

“Now that,” you gasped, your voice ragged from your pleas and pleadings, “I’d bet you couldn’t do in high school either.”

“I’ve always been good at some things, babe,” Hopper crooned as he swat at your ass, both the teasing action and the image of Teenage-Sex-God Jim Hopper spurring you to giggle wildly beneath him and squirm fiercely when you felt the prodding tips of his fingers searching for sensitive spots at your sides, tickling mercilessly.

You squirmed and writhed and bucked your hips as Hopper grinned devilishly and you squealed and giggled, and somehow in the ensuing heated jabbing tangle of limbs you found yourself seated firmly above him on his hips, his hands skating down the swell of your waist in a way that was very different from ticklish intent.

“Round two?” you questioned as you grinned, delight flaring in your chest at the way Hopper’s hands settled hot and wanting on your hips, guiding you to buck on him as if you hadn’t just finished round one a handful of minutes ago.

Hopper curled his fingers around the flare of your hips, a smile you were getting very used to curving his lips as he husked, “Oh *hell*

yeah. Round two, and three, and maybe, if you're a good girl, round four."

You suspected it was going to be a long night, and what's more, you imagined you'd love *every* sweaty, giggling, *glorious* goddamn minute of it.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hello Lovely Readers!

So there we have our second chapter, smut filled and (hopefully) worth the wait! Editing this 6500 word chapter was an absolute monster, so THANK YOU for your patience! I sincerely hope that you enjoyed!

What did you think?? Was Hopper in character? Was he gruff enough? Flirty enough? I seriously enjoy smiling, charming Hop, I hope you do too! Most importantly though, what about the smut? I have this head canon that Hopper is really tender with intimacy (at least for as long as he can be) in a direct contrast to the guns-blazing, shoot first ask questions later way that he handles himself in every other aspect of his life. Thoughts on this?? I can't wait to hear your feedback!

I really hope that you enjoyed!

Thoughts on the rest of this fic are that I'll definitely do another chapter dealing with the effects of this night for Hopper and the Reader (Hop is a notorious one night stand ladies man, after all) and that chapter will probably feature heavy Hopper POV, cathartic yelling and maybe office sex? Any thoughts on this?

I'm also really really tempted to do one more

unplanned chapter that would take place after season 2, dealing with how the Reader gets more involved in Hoppers personal life and the distinct challenges that would bring. Joyce would possibly show up! Any thoughts??

Anywhoo, I can't wait to hear from you!

Mood Board for this Chapter!

<http://imagines-oneshots-blog.tumblr.com/post/169393935649/the-boys-in-blue-chapter-two-color-coded-memos-a>

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3: Sturdy Wooden Desks, Longing Looks, and The Weight of Things Left Unsaid

If you were being honest with yourself, you'd admit that you were loitering.

As soon as the clock had hit five Flo had been up and getting ready to leave, packing her gaudy faux leather purse with a gusto you only saw from her at times like this, when the day had dwindled down to it's dregs and the bullpen was so empty that it seemed you could hear a pin drop. Callahan and Powell had been gone since late afternoon, so that just left the Chief in his office with the door closed, a barrier more hewn out of steel and something like circumvention instead of Indiana pine, you feeling about a million miles away from him on the other side of the aperture, and Flo, who was busy booking it. While the older woman hurriedly prepared for her hasty exit, throwing last minute instructions about how to handle various Hawkins citizens your way, you lingered and reorganized some stray files at your small desk to look busy, wanting to try and catch Hopper before he huffed with his customary grump out of the station, leaving you once more with your unspoken words and your heart planted firmly in your throat.

"And if Mrs. Damers calls again about her damn flower beds, just hang up on her. No one cares about her plants." Flo was busy explaining as she slung her burgeoning bag over her shoulder in a few sharp, angry movements that perfectly mirrored her caustic tone.

"Flo!" you exclaimed, resting a hand on the swell of your skirt clad hip to compensate for the smile beginning to curl around your lips, the older woman's blatant disregard for the endlessly disgruntled residents of Hawkins making a strange kind of fondness erupt in your chest.

Flo just passed an apathetic shrug your way as she breezed out of the bullpen, waving goodbye to you over her satin and corduroy bedecked shoulder once she reached the wide double doors to the station. You chuckled softly as you watched the aperture swing shut behind her, grateful for the brief distraction that her amusing exit had provided you. Once alone in the seemingly endless, cavernous office space, however, your worries suddenly seemed crushing as they settled about your shoulders, bit at your heels.

And the foremost among the whetted, tangled mass of them was Hopper.

It seemed that your relationship with the Hawkins Police Chief was currently suffering from a condition disdainfully coined by the numerous other women he'd had flirtations with; something known colloquially, and with no measure of fondness, as the Hopper Effect.

Symptoms included limited contact with the Chief, ranging from unanswered phone messages or evaded conversations and a general feeling of unfinished business to an unrequited desire for something more, usually on the sufferers part. In your case, you could add weeks full of longing tinged looks exchanged between you and the Chief to that running list.

Actually, those fierce aching looks exchanged across an ocean of dingy linoleum tile and polyester blend carpet were the only things

currently keeping you in your job at the station despite countless weeks worth of awkward bumbling kitchen encounters and embarrassingly short interactions in dim hallways. Just today as you'd poured yourself a mug of coffee and adjusted the plunging neckline of the new blouse that you wore you'd felt a strange heat prickling down the back of your neck and glanced up across the station to find yourself firmly trapped in the dark, churning blue of Hopper's gaze, fixed on you where he was leaning against Powell's desk, getting briefed on some new minor Hawkin's catastrophe or other.

Your lips had parted in shock at the obvious hunger banked in the Chief's gaze as it settled unexpectedly on you, at the naked, throbbing want laid bare in the storming tempest barely contained above his cheekbones and for the space of a few marvelous heart beats you were sure that he'd toss aside the boring manila folder clutched between his thick fingers, cross the sparse length of the bullpen in a few powerful strides, take you in his brawny arms and slant his hot, hungry mouth over yours.

The sharp *clack* of Flo's heels as she'd strode into the room, all jaded bluster and stalwart intent, had broken you sharply from whatever it was that had begun sizzling across the bullpen between you and Hopper, and you couldn't quite stem your frown as she abruptly plopped a stack of files that were to serve as your blessed distraction from any Hopper tinged thoughts until late afternoon right into your reluctant arms.

Sometimes you thought that it was better this way, with your heated memories of huge calloused hands curling around shaking thighs, of a ragged slip of beard rasping against your sensitive flesh, of eyes like storm churned ocean waves meeting yours while your body bowed, shuddered with unimaginable pleasure, locked safely away where they couldn't spring vibrantly into the harsh fluorescents of the

station or the dim sunlight of the Chief's office. But then you'd share one of those heated, intense, goddamn *looks* again and you'd deprecatingly welcome the sizzling heat that splintered down your spine, the fierce longing that bloomed low between your hips, and you'd wonder if maybe today you'd pluck up the courage to say something.

So far you hadn't quite been able to, but something was different this afternoon; something was virile and alive, sparking with a distinct ripple vaguely reminiscent of the taste in the air that blissful night a lifetime ago when you'd finally known the feel of Hopper's hulking form pressed against yours, when you'd reveled in the gravel of his pleas and the blissful, fervent slip of his hands against your heated skin.

That was the thing about living in such a small town; things happened slowly. But somehow you knew that tonight everything would change. Tonight you and Hopper would finally talk.

And you weren't quite sure if you'd be pleased or devastated by the outcome.

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Hopper wasn't particularly good at compartmentalization.

Which was a damn shame, cause there was *so much* shit he would have loved to never think of again. Shit like the first time he'd seen combat in Vietman, back when he was as green as goddamn

springtime and more than a little wet behind the ears. Those memories of red and heat and *jungle* still made their occasional appearance in his nightmares.

Shit like more recently when he and Joyce had made their way through darkness and desolation to find her son, both trying valiantly not to think too hard about the fact that these were the familiar shapes and sights of home. That this scorched, hellish landscape thrumming with alien life, with sinister purpose they could feel chattering in their teeth, burrowing into the hammering of their hearts, was coiled right beneath the rippling flesh of their safe known world, their Hawkins.

Or like the time that his girl, his Sara, had slipped away, the doctors beating fervently at her skeletal chest, her limbs white and painfully thin beneath the papery sheets of the hospital bed, those crystal blue eyes, her mother's eyes, closing and never opening again. That one had a particular sting to it, like a phantom limb or a branding scar; necrotic flesh and dead neurons tingling in some vain attempt to feel something that wasn't pain.

No, Hopper wasn't particularly good at compartmentalization, though he wished he was.

He made both physical and mental boxes where that shit was supposed to stay hidden far from his collective conscious, but

sometimes they found a way to escape; a crack in the stalwart steel of his mind, a sinew of weakness in his faltering resolve.

Cigarettes helped keep them at bay. Booze helped more.

And now, after letting Eleven know he'd be home late, as he poured over more reports of dying crops on the outskirts of Hawkins, having exhausted his last pack of Camel's and without access to any booze, he felt strangely defenseless, vulnerable almost, and that just pissed him off more. The shambly filing system within his head was collapsing, and Hopper felt each box tumble open with a keen, sharp kind of ache that nearly brought him to his knees.

That was until a relatively new box, one not quite so tattered at the corners or covered in duct tape, one that reminded him of dive bars and beer and a smile so warm it made his ears ring like he'd just been boxed square in the jaw, spilled open. It brought with it memories of *your* laughter ringing like the toll of an Easter Sunday church bell and your small determined hand sliding further up his thigh, igniting a fire that simmered wildly beneath his skin, caught in his throat and had his lips forming the syllables of your name, of your back bowing like a plea beneath his touch, of his fingers slipping hungrily down the notches of your spine, curling around your eager thighs.

That box had a more poignant ache than he'd remembered, or maybe it was just freshest in his mind, he wasn't quite sure, but he also

couldn't seem to seal it back up again. He rasped in a deep breath as those memories washed over him, and he was almost grateful that he could still remember the details of you with such stunning clarity. He'd hadn't quite gotten used to keeping his distance from you, to struggling to catch even the faintest whiff of your lilting feminine perfume as you breezed past him in the hallway, to having your interactions limited to searing looks shared once every few hours and the sharp whisper of memory stinging against his weary temples.

Hopper was no stranger to meaningless sex, he'd had his fair share of it in Hawkins, but what he *was* a stranger to was intense, gratingly intimate, *fun* sex. The kind that he'd had with you.

And something in him wasn't quite ready to admit that it scared him.

Or rather the options that it presented scared him. It was too easy to imagine building something with you, something that resembled not just a good life but a happy one, a content one. And if he was being honest with himself, the kind of honest that he could usually only find at the bottom of a bottle, he didn't really think he deserved contentment, let alone happiness.

Because he knew the truth - he was poison; he infected things with *bad*, as Eleven would call it. It was amazing how that girl could say one quiet word and instantly sum up the jumbled tangle of emotion roiling in his chest. And even her, who he'd painstakingly tried to

safeguard, erecting walls of protection as high as he could to keep her safe, he'd nearly undone with a clandestine deal made last November in a darkened cement room, sealed by him and that doctor, or rather monster, Brenner with the exchange of a few words and a pack of Camels, as if they were old friends.

And his *thing* about compartmentalization meant that he was reminded of that damning fact nearly every time he nagged her about eating her peas or was graced with the small bright beam of one of her smiles.

He'd gotten lucky there with Eleven, more lucky than he deserved. He didn't think the same thing could happen twice, again here with you too.

And yet, when he heard a small familiar knock at his door and the gentle lilting of your voice just a split second before you appeared in his doorway, all warm smiles and shimmering eyes and billowing curves that made his blood heat, Hop could almost have described the way his heart tugged in his chest as relief. *Delight*, even.

Not that he let it show on his features.

"Do you have a minute, Hopper?" you questioned, batting those thick eyelashes at him, as if you didn't know the havoc that the tantalizing action wreaked on his poor battered heart, how weak it made the backs of his knees feel. Suddenly grateful that he was sitting down, Hopper raked a hand down his beard, musing that it must be that thrumming vulnerability sparking in his chest, that defenselessness, that spurred him to grunt low and indistinct in a reply that could almost be interpreted as *yes, come in*.

The small smile that flitted about your lips as you chose to interpret his noises accordingly and entered deeply confused him; how could you still smile at him when he was being such an ass? When his edges were so particularly rough this evening, when the thrumming pain that lashed at him every night in his dreams was so dangerously close to the roughly hewn surface of his skin?

"I won't take up much of your time," you explained as you closed the door behind you and strode further into the room, the bolt clicking shut suddenly making Hopper very, *very* aware that this was the closest he'd been to you since *that* night, and suddenly he felt almost knocked asunder by the temptingly warm scent of your perfume filling the cramped space, by the slight shine of your hair as it curled over your shoulders, by how soft your skin looked in the dim lamplight of his office. Trying to mask the way his eyes kept dipping to the slip of bouncing breast and tempting lace exposed by the low neckline of your blouse, Hopper cleared his throat and laced his hands about his lap, hoping that was convincing enough to spur you to continue, "I just wanted to apologize."

Hopper felt his brow furrow deeply, a frown sharply cutting the lines of his mouth - really his features had never been particularly obedient where his poker face was concerned - and he could just barely find the air to husk around his surprise, “*Apologize?* What the hell for?”

You sighed as you propped one hand on the back of the chair positioned in front of his desk, resting the other on the lush swell of your waist as you bit your lip quite alluringly, looking almost bashful as you replied, “Well, since the Police Retreat,” the way your low voice tugged huskily at those syllables left no doubt in Hop’s mind that you weren’t talking about lectures on tranquilizing bears, “I’ve compromised our working relationship. My actions have negatively affected this station’s productivity, and for that I apologize. If you want to discuss the terms of my resignation, I understand.”

Hopper blinked, incredulous at many things that had transpired in the last two minutes, chief among them being that you were taking all the responsibility for that night, and that you were throwing around words like *productivity*, and more alarmingly, *resignation*. Before he knew what he was doing he was up and on his feet, his thumbs hooking anxiously into his belt loops, his head shaking with disbelief.

“Hold on, hold on,” Hop drew in a shaky breath, raising his hand as if he could dispel your words with one sweep of his calloused palm, “Firstly, no one’s *resigning*, alright? That needs to be clear. *Alright?*” He waited for the gentle inclination of your head in agreement, and was graced with the small upturn of your lips as well, before he continued, “And second off, that night-” Hopper trailed off as he glanced down and got abruptly lost in the strong curves of your

calves, and the memory of how they'd felt wrapped around his waist, "You don't need to apologize for anything that happened that night. *Jesus*, if anything I should be apologizing to you."

Your unexpected responding snort drew his gaze back up to your face, to where your brows were raised and your expression looked almost *amused*, "You have nothing to apologize for where that night is concerned," a sly, almost devilish smile tugged at your lips then, and Hopper wondered abruptly if you could hear the way it made his heart pound, "In fact, the only thing that you should be apologizing for is that we haven't done it again."

Hopper was sure he'd heard that wrong, that his desperate, longing filled mind had conjured those words straight from his fervent dreams, but as his heart pounded on and you just kept looking at him expectantly with those huge shimmering eyes and that beautiful fucking smile, all swelling hips and narrow waist and legs for miles, his surety faltered.

And then he got *angry*; not with you, but with *himself*. It wasn't enough that he'd destroyed and disappointed countless women before you, now as he finally tried to do right and keep you away from him, from the curse that permeated every heaving moment of his life, he couldn't fucking stop the thoughts ringing in the back of his mind, the ones urging him to close the scant distance between you, capture your waist in the strong circle of his arm and kiss you *hard*. Thoughts that spurred him to relearn the taste of your moans against his tongue, the exact way he could lick your perfect sex that would have you writhing beneath him, the way he could thrust his thick shaft deep in your clenching sex that would have you screaming beneath him, cumming wetly around his shaft. Those wicked, heated thoughts

made a longing so fierce he felt it sweep from his toes to the very top of his head, stopping at a few choice places along his body as it went. *Jesus*, was he really this fucking weak?

There were scars, raised and gnarled, beneath the rough skin of his chest; old ones, and new ones too. If, by some miracle, you stuck around long enough you'd inevitably see them and then you'd be gone, just like all the others. Or worse, you'd end up dead, and Hopper really didn't think he could survive that. Better for him to just show you now, get it over with. See you walk out that door once and for all, then slam the lid shut on this memory box that refused to stay sealed.

"You can't mean that," Hopper hissed, rage making his hands shake as he crossed the scant space between his desk and the chair you rested against in a few large strides, "Beautiful young women like you don't want surly, old men like me," Hopper snapped, moving so close that a voice in the back of his mind warned him that he was breaching much too far into your personal space for this to be considered appropriate, but the anger dancing thick and acrid on his tongue told that voice to *shut the fuck up*, "That shit just doesn't happen."

"That's ridiculous!" you exclaimed in reply, meeting him toe to toe, raising your chin in a sudden fierce way that made something like pride flare in his chest, even as his mind rejected your words, "I want *you*, Hop! If you remember, I initiated things that night. Yeah, I'd had a few beers, but I knew what I wanted. *I made a move on you.*"

"I wasn't sure if I was remembering that right. It all happened so fast." Hopper's voice was low, husky and almost broken as his brow

furrowed and he replayed the scenes from that night, focusing on how you'd gotten in front of his room instead of what transpired once you were inside it.

That was the truth. One minute you were in the bar, laughing, talking, and the next thing he knew you were kissing outside of his room, busting your way inside, legs tangled together, pressed against the door, then on the bed. *Fuck*, he nearly shuddered under the weight of the want that those memories sparked low in his belly, drove heatedly between his thighs.

"But it doesn't matter, my life is so damn complicated. *Hell*, I'm a goddamned black hole," Hopper *would* save you from the dangerous, tangled mess that was his life, no matter how the hard lust churning down his spine lashed at him or how much he wanted to believe that the sheen of desire he saw glinting in our eyes as they gaze up at him was earnest, "You're too young to be sucked into that shit, you've got your whole life ahead of you. All I've got is a plate full of responsibilities I can barely handle, a kid who's gone that I miss so much it fucking *kills* me and an ex wife who hates me almost as much as I hate myself."

Hopper was panting, so close to you that you were nearly pressed up against his chest, your back caught against the spine of the chair, your shoulders squared as they faced him. Dimly Hopper realized that his whole body was quaking, that the shake in his hands had extended to his frame, and he nearly flinched when he felt the soft whisper of your palm, so delicate it nearly wrenched a gasp from his

lips, running down his jaw, cupping his face.

“We all have baggage, Hopper,” your low, soft voice was a siren’s call to his frazzled senses, appealing straight to the broken, damaged thumping of his heart, to the longing gripping his throat like a vice, “Let me help you carry yours.”

Hopper shuddered as he rasped in a greedy breath, noting the sweetness and warmth and *woman* scent that emanated from your impossibly soft skin, and the lilt of your touch was so tender that Hopper *had* to jerk back from it, or else he’d really do something that he wouldn’t be able to recover from, like kiss you.

You misread the gesture, and something in Hopper’s chest twisted as he caught the quick flash of pain as it lanced about your features before you firmly collected yourself once more.

“If not as something more, than just as friends,” His mind railed against the word even as you extended a hand into the sparse space between your bodies, an olive branch thrust in his direction, a deal that he could take or leave.

It was too much for him then, the unfettered, selfless care he saw glinting in your eyes, the promise that the bow of your lips held, the want racing down his spine. He'd exhausted all of his self control, and when you smiled up at him and wiggled your fingers, Hopper knew he couldn't fucking resist. As his ears rang sharply he mused that he just might take that deal you offered him, but not before he rewrote the terms.

"I don't want to be *friends*," Hopper husked, the honesty, the truth, in those words making something like ecstasy slip down his spine as he snapped out both of his hands to rest urgently on the dips of your waist, right where the swell of your hips began, and pulled you into him sharply, loving the gasp that slipped from you as, without warning, he dipped his head and slanted his mouth hotly over yours.

For a moment there was nothing; no reaction, no movement from you, and Hopper was sure he'd feel the crack of your palm against his cheekbone, have you torn aghast and disproving from his arms at any moment. And then, impossibly, *amazingly*, you groaned low and needy against him, bowed your body more fully against his, and burrowed your hands into his hair, securing his body against yours.

Hopper released a rushing breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding at your acceptance of him, at the assent he felt thrumming in your limbs, and he delighted in the feel of you against him as he ran his palms over your hips, cupped the curves of your ass hungrily, reveling in the small sighs the molten action wrung from you. Your legs tangled together as you tumbled and tripped towards his desk, two pairs of urgent, impatient hands working in tandem to scatter

stray manila folders and crumpled papers and one cup brimming with writing utensils to the floor.

Not giving a damn about any of that shit, letting it fall forgotten to the floor, Hopper lifted your hips to the desk with little effort, helping you to guide the thick material of your pencil skirt farther up your legs once you were settled so that you could part them for him. Hopper reluctantly tore his lips from yours to explore the soft expanse of skin above your collarbones that was beckoning him, pausing for mere moments to tuck his fingers into the small slip of silk tied around your neck alluringly, tugging until the fabric gave way to his hot mouth and nipping teeth.

He fucking *loved* the little noises he wrung from you as he kissed hotly down the pound of your pulse, lapped at the heated skin flushing about your nape, and before he could stop the words itching behind his teeth, they were tumbling from his lips, “I fucking missed the sounds you make for me, babe.”

“Hopper!” you gasped, tightening your thighs about his hips where he was wedged between them, and he used the moaning edge in your voice to spur his next words.

“Do you know how many times I’ve imagined this? You spread out on this desk beneath me, taking my cock like a good girl, cumming hard for me,” Hopper closed his teeth around the shell of your ear, smiled

when you whined sharply and canted your hips greedily against his. You surprised him with your reply.

“I’ve imagined it too,” your words were breathless, heavily laden with the fervent lust dilating your pupils, fluttering your pulse, “Though the position we’re in is different in my day dreams.”

“Show me,” Hopper husked as he leaned back, momentarily slipping his hands from your form as you smiled up at him, a vixen taunting him with his deepest desires, and shifted so that you were on your stomach, feet braced on the floor between his, one elbow braced on the desk so that you could peer back at him over the graceful slope of your shoulder. Hopper raked a shaking hand over his mouth, wicked shivers racing down his spine as his mind wondered, not for the first time, if this was actually real.

“*Fuck*, babe,” Hopper husked, his voice low and needy, “This is what you want?” He was referring to the position just as much as he was to the whole heaving mess of his life entangled with yours, and he was grateful that he didn’t have to wait long for your answer. You nodded not even a heartbeat later, grabbing one of the hands he had curled at his side, his fingers clenched tight against his palms so that he wouldn’t reach for you. He didn’t trust himself to be gentle with you now.

But based on the fervent rocking of your hips, the wetness pooling in your exposed panties, your skirt rumbled about your waist, and the hand you slipped about his wrist to guide his palm against the lush swell of your ass, you didn't want *gentle* right now.

"I've been waiting weeks for this," you whispered, meeting his gaze as you slipped your fingers between his and slid his hand between your thighs, brushed his fingers over the wetness pooling in your panties. Hopper bit out a curse against clenched teeth when his digits met the undeniable evidence of your arousal, of your want for him, of the truth of your earlier words. "I knew what I wanted that night, and I know what I want now. I'm a big girl, I can make my own decisions, and I want you, Hop."

Finally, despite the slip of doubt pacing anxiously in the back of his mind, coiling at the base of his spine, Hopper believed you. Feeling a fierce rush of hot, fervent emotion that he couldn't quite name rising like a tidal wave in his mind, battering his chest, Hopper surged forwards, one hand still poised between your legs, the other curling around your waist, and captured your lips with his.

You kissed him back urgently, your moans sweet as sin against his mouth, the driving push of your hips interrupted only by your deft hand that reached between your bodies to undo his belt and unclasp his pants in a few hasty movements, your thumb hooking in his trousers and briefs to tug them partway down his thighs once they were loose. Hopper let them fall, reluctantly pulling his hand from the sweet slip of your sex for just a few moments to pump the hard steel of his exposed cock, throbbing so intently it nearly pained him,

and pull your panties aside to line up the blunt head of his shaft with the wet throb of your pussy.

“You’re mine,” Hopper growled, a fierce protectiveness, an urgent warmth, ripping through him so strongly that it nearly rocked him to his core as he thrust his hips forward, surging into you in one smooth stroke. You moaned and writhed beneath him, exactly the way he’d imagined day after day when he’d sat in that chair knocking against the backs of his calves. He could firmly conclude that reality was a whole hell of a lot better than fantasy.

There was no softness, no slow build up this time, not when you were firmly yourselves, Hopper and you, not when you had nothing to hide from, as there had been in that motel. Then you’d been grateful to shed your identities, to pretend to be strangers who found each other at some nameless bar and were all too eager to lose yourself in the other. But not now, now there was just the naked exposed throb of your shared need and the aching flesh of two people bound by fervent longing and companionship. It was shatteringly good, hauntingly satisfying to look into your eyes and see utter acceptance, utter solemnity, to have his scars exposed and have you want him anyway, to feel the soft give of your body and the welcome warmth of your lips. Hopper wondered how he’d ever lived without it.

Somewhere around the blissful way your greedy sex was clenching his pounding shaft and the shivers of pleasure that leaped to race down his spine, Hopper felt an itching desire rising in his chest, clawing at his throat, tugging at his shoulders. His hips snapped harder against yours, his hungry hands tugging at the thin fabric of

your blouse to expose the full flesh of your breasts to his seeking palms. But he wanted more.

“Say it,” Hopper growled against your lips as the thick slip of his fingers found the tight bud of your clit, his hips never faltering as he felt the exquisite responding ripple of your sex around his shaft, “Say you’re mine, babe. I need to hear it.”

You panted and moaned and writhed beneath him as he hips snapped against yours, his pace quickening impossibly, as if that would help you give him what he requested.

“I-I’m yours, Hop!” you moaned as he plunged his shaft deep into your sex and ground his hips, flicking your clit in quick circular motions that he knew would drive you wild, “Oh, *fuck!* I’m yours, completely and utterly yours!”

“And tomorrow, if I want you in my office at 12:30 sharp so I can lick this sweet pussy until you cum for me, what will you say?” He had no idea where these wicked words were coming from, no idea what spurred them to fall from his lips, but he found himself desperate for your answers, for your acceptance.

“Yes! Oh, *God* yes! I’m yours, Hop!” your voice was heavily colored

by the relentless drive of his hips as he slid his shaft into your tight pussy, snapped it out only to surge forwards once more, and he fucking *loved* it. You were so damned responsive, and he loved how wild he could drive you with just the rough slip of his words. A smile was playing about his lips as he leaned in, winding his fingers into your hair to tilt your head as he pressed his chest against your taut back, trading his previous quick thrusts for searing, deep bucks of his hips against yours.

“And if I want you in here at 8 tomorrow morning, riding my cock hard and fast no matter who else is in the station, what will you say?” You whined sharply, your pussy clenching hard around his cock, and dimly Hopper recognized that fervent edge to your sex, that needy slip of your cunt against his plunging shaft. You were devastatingly close, and he doubled his efforts on your clit, wanting you tumbling over the edge for him.

“Yes, Chief! Yes!” you cried out, a powerfully vehement edge to your voice, a sharp undulating need that made Hopper’s cock twitch, the sudden urge to cum from that alone nearly overwhelming him, “Anything you want, anything! I’m yours! *Fuck*, I’m so close, can I cum Chief? Please?”

“Good fucking girl,” Hopper husked at your ear as he slapped the exposed flesh of your bouncing ass and slipped his lips along your cheekbone, letting you teeter on the molten edge of your release, loving the blush slipping down your neck, pooling just under your collar bones, reveling in the way his name fell from your lips like an urgent plea, “Now cum for me.”

You moaned loudly as your pussy clenched at his command, rippling in a wet rush around his shaft with such blissful strength that Hopper could only thrust once, twice through your orgasm before he had no choice but to follow you down the fiery abyss of your pleasure, cumming hotly against the exposed skin of your thighs in powerful jets of release.

Once his orgasm finally subsided and he was left a sweating, heaving mess, Hopper lazily pulled his briefs and pants back up his thighs to achieve some semblance of modesty as he sank back into the chair behind him. His heart was hammering in his chest as he reached down to the lower drawer of his desk and pulled out a few napkins, wiping away the mess he'd made on your thighs in quick, deft strokes.

Ensuring that you were still conscious, Hopper grinned as he pulled your boneless form into his lap, tucking you with thrumming gentleness against his body. You mewled and sighed and nuzzled your face further into the crook of his neck, making any remaining hints of stubborn doubt melt from Hopper's mind.

But just because he was a paranoid bastard...

"I meant it, you know," Hopper husked, trying hard not to let the way he was hanging on to every bit of your reaction color his tone, canting his head to glance down at you, and after a heartbeat you stirred, leaning your head against the thick muscle of his arm to survey him, "When I said you were mine. You've gotta be all in with me. It's all or nothing."

"I know," you sighed, blinking dreamily up at him as you kissed the roiling heft of his button down clad shoulder, your lips seeking warm skin but finding only rough canvas, "And I meant it too. I'm yours - fully and completely. No take backs."

Hopper couldn't help but smile at the contented look on your face and the adorable way you nipped at the exposed skin beneath the buttons of his shirt. Despite his fear from earlier, his trepidation, he felt *good*, whole, completed. Like he'd finally finished that puzzle he and Eleven had been working on since January. Like the last piece in the picture of his life had been punched into place.

"No take backs," Hopper echoed, placing a gentle kiss to the top of your head, reveling in the sweet spice of your shampoo, in the blissful feel of your warm, pliant body in his arms.

"Hop, did you mean that other stuff too?" you asked suddenly, and though he didn't need to look to confirm the blush he heard staining your voice, he was still pleased to see it flushing against your skin

nonetheless. Just to hear you say it, he played dumb, furrowing his brown and frowning slightly.

“Other stuff? I don’t know what you’re talking about-” he trailed off shaking his head, keeping a wayward eye on the pink creeping up your cheekbones.

“That stuff about me riding you tomorrow morning no matter who’s in the station, and you wanting me here at 12:30 sharp to, *you know*,” you bit your full bottom lip hard as you spoke, trying and failing to stem the excited smile curving your lips, and Hopper’s façade cracked spectacularly as he leaned down to brush his lips against yours in a slow, molten kiss, reveling in the taste of your responding sigh as it slipped against his tongue.

“Oh I meant it, babe,” Hopper grated against your lips, grinding his hips up into yours, loving the way you shivered in his arms, wriggled against him in undeniable arousal. “You did promise, you know.”

“I did, didn’t I?” you mused as your eyes glinted devilishly, alight with some scheming sordid purpose that Hopper couldn’t wait to explore, “No take backs on that either.”

“Afraid not, babe,” Hopper replied, wondering if he’d stop smiling anytime soon, what with how his cheeks were beginning to ache. When you giggled and peppered kisses down the column of his neck, Hopper realized that he didn’t *want* to stop smiling, that he simply *couldn’t* with you in his life.

And damn him straight to hell if he ever said he didn’t like how it felt curving his lips.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hello Lovely Readers!

Sooo, I wrote over 6,000 words again...whoops! I sincerely hope that you made it through, that Hopper was in character and that the smut was hot! \*Crosses fingers\*

What did you think?? Was Hopper grumpy enough? Did he have enough baggage? I wanted to hint at his luggage more than unpack it in this chapter, was I successful?! What did you think of the office sex?! Gotta love some good sex on top of a desk ;)

I sincerely hope that you enjoyed!!

Now, about that fourth chapter I'd LOVE your input on this. I am definitely going to write a fourth chapter, and I'm thinking it will serve as an epilogue of sorts. I know that I want Joyce, and maybe Eleven, in there, and I had the idea to make it a holiday like Valentine's Day or something that would call for the reader and Hopper to get away for a few days, maybe go to the Cabin, but other than that I have very few plot ideas.

I'm wondering if there's anything you'd like to see! If

you have any ideas, please don't hesitate to send them my way! Thank you for your feedback!!

Mood Board!

<http://imagines-oneshots-blog.tumblr.com/post/169987993884/the-boys-in-blue-chapter-1-chapter-2-chapter-3>